



TIPPERARY MANS COURISHIP

For sixteen months I courted her,
My gentle Colleen Bawn
Wi h eyes like wells of pa adise
And cheeks like rosy read,
It was on a Christmas morning,
When the fields were white with snow
The first sight of her sweet young face,
Set all my heart aglow;

Her hooded cloak was drawn so close
But just one glimpse I caught,
As if the skies had opened,
And showed me heaven I thought
And on the newly-born-child,
Was not from sin more free,
Than my darling in her innocent
Her virgin purity,

I followed her to early mass,
And offered up a prayer,
That God might keep her innocent,
As he had made her fair
And all that day I haunted her,
From morning until night,
Bewildered by her angel face,
Her smiles so soft & bright,

Oh it was a happy christmas time,
For my gra gal mactree,
Though modest as a holy nun,
Smiled sweetly upen me,
Her freinds all kindly welcomed me
When'er I came the way
And no one then looked black or sour,
How ever long I'd stay,

Then I was rich in land & stock
My home was happy then,
A sweeter spot could not be found,
In sherlow's brigot glen
I was a match for any girl,
Where matches go by welth,
Now I've lost all but praise the Lord,
He left me youth & health,

In one year all my cattle died,
And my best crops were blighted
In vain I worked myse'f to oil,
Bad luck upon me lighted,
The landlord had no mercy,
At first his heart seemed stirred
He promised me full time to pay,
But after broke his word

I could have borne anything,
Though much I had to bear
If I were left but one sweet hope,
To save me from despair,
My cup of sorrow ove flowed,
When I was lab'ly to'd,
They'd force my own colleen to wed
An hld man for his go'd,

Oh marriage is a holy tie
Blest by the Lord above,
But woe be to such marriages,
Without oné spark of love,
Why is it in our dear land,
Full of warm hearts & true
They wed for money not for love,
As other nations do,